

THE
GOLDFINCH; R

A CHOICE

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6

Collection of New SONGS.

CONTAINING,

1. DAMON and PHILLIS.
2. The DREAM.
3. CORYDON and PHILLIS.
4. TO-MORROW.
5. The SHEPHERD'S EVENING.
6. The PLOUGHMAN.

T E W K E S B U R Y :

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are advertised in the Weekly Papers.

T H E
G O L D F I N C H, &c.



DAMON and PHILLIS.

THE flocks all in clusters crept close to the grove,
To hide from the heat of the day,
And Phillis herself in a woodbine alcove,
Among the sweet violets lay :
A young lamb it seems had been stole from its dam,
Between Cupid and Hymen a plot,
That Damon he might as he search'd for his lamb,
Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the dear maid with surprize,
Ye Gods if so killing (he cries while she sleeps,
I'm lost if she opens her eyes,
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I'll onward my lambkins to trace,
In vain honest Damon then strove to depart,
For love had him nail'd to the place.

Hush, hush, pretty birds what a chirping you keep,
(He crys) you're too loud on the spray,
You see foolish lark that my charmer's asleep,
You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day.

Now dares that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid,
 Her cheeks he mistakes for the rose,
 I'd put him to death if I was not afraid,
 My boldness would break her repose.

Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
 Kind shepherd I fear you mistake,
 I laid myself down for to rest me awhile,
 But trust me I've long been awake,
 The shepherd took courage advanc'd with a bow,
 And plac'd himself down by her side,
 And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,
 But yesterday made her his bride.



The D R E A M,

COME gentle God of soft repose,
 And lull my soul to rest,
 In thy embraces let me lose,
 The pangs that rack my breast,
 Arise, ye dear deceits, arise,
 And drest in Damon's form,
 My long expecting wishing eyes,
 With his resemblance charm.

Those melting sounds still let me hear,
 Which did his flame impart;
 Which blest with love my listening ear,
 And pierc'd my yielding heart.
 Why rove my thoughts on pleasing cares,
 Which only dreams bestow?
 For oh! whene'er the morn appears,
 I wake to endless woe.

The envious light, from my sad eyes,
 Drives ev'ry joy away;
 With night the lovely phantom flies,
 And leaves me lost in day.
 Since waking then I am distress'd,
 And pleasures fled with him,
 If sleeping I can still be blest,
 Let life be all a dream.



CORYDON and PHILLIS,

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home,
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,
 Nor talk of the change that ye find,
 None once was so watchful as I,
 I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove,
 With the torture of doubt and desire,
 What it is to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire,
 Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
 And the damps of each evening repell,
 Alas I am faint and forlorn,
 I have had my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsafed me a look,
 I never once dreamt of my vine,
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.

I priz'd every hour that went by,
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before,
 But now they are past and I sigh,
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more,
 But why do I languish in vain,
 Why wander thus pensively here,
 O why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear,
 They tell me my favourite maid,
 The pride of the valley is flown,
 Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
 I could wander with pleasure alone.
 The pilgrim that journeys all day,
 To visit some far distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy nor heard to repine,
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows my devotion I owe,
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.



To-Morrow,

WHERE's my swain so blyth and clever,
 Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow,
 Three whole days are gone for ever,
 Since you said you'd come to-morrow,
 If you lov'd but half as I do,
 You'd been here with looks so bonny,
 Love has flying wings I well know,
 Not for lingering lazy Johnny.

What can he now a doing,
 Is he with the lasses maying,
 He had better here be wooing;
 Than with others fondly playing,
 Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow,
 If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so to morrow.
 Does some favourite rival hide thee,
 Let her be the happy creature,
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
 Nor dispute with her a feature.
 But I can't and will not tarry,
 Nor will kill myself with sorrow,
 I may loose the time to marry,
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.
 Think not shepherd thus to brave me,
 If I'm yours, away no longer,
 If you won't another'll have me,
 I may cool but not grow fonder.
 If your lovers, girls forsake ye,
 Whine not in dispair and sorrow,
 Blest another lad may make ye,
 Stay for none beyond to morrow.



The Shepherd's Evening,

NOW to pant on Thetis breast,
 Phebus blushes down the west;
 And in laughter seem to say,
 Mortals end like me the day,

Join ye merry rural throng,
Mirth and music dance along,
Ever happy, ever gay,
Life is here one holiday.

Nature's free born subject train,
Blooming tenants of the plain,
'Tis for us the goddess spreads,
Verdant meads and flow'ry beds,
While the varying seasons flow,
Beauty bids our bosoms glow.

Ever happy, &c.

Every nymph and every youth,
Melt with fondness warm with truth,
Sunny vale and shady grove,
Echo to the voice of love,
And the changeful year supplies,
Pleasure to the heart and eyes.

Ever happy, &c.

Far from noise and pomp and state,
Joys and troubles of the great,
Shelter'd by contentment's wings,
Here the bird of rapture sings,
While the god of soft delight,
Glads the noon and cheers the night.

Ever happy, &c.

The PLOUGHMAN,

A Scotch Song.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
And a' his works a pleasure,

But when he comes hame at e'en,

He hugs me as his treasure.

Up wi't now my ploughman lad,

Come up wi't now my ploughman,

Of a' the lads that e'er I saw,

Commend me to the ploughman.

Now that the blooming spring comes on,

He takes his yoaking early,

And whistling o'er the furrow'd land,

He gaes to fallow chearly.

Up wi't now, &c.

When hame my ploughman comes at e'en,

He's aften wet and weary ;

Cast off the get, put on the dry,

And gae to bed my dearie.

Up wi't now, &c.

Right glad I'll wash my ploughman's hose,

And I will wash his o'erly ;

And well I'll mak my ploughman's bed,

And chear him late and early.

Up wi't now, &c.

He ploughs up hilt and ploughs up dale,

And ploughs up faugh and fallow,

Wha winna drink the ploughman's health,

Is but a dirty fellow.

Merry butt and merry ben,

And merry is my ploughman,

Of a' the trades that I do ken,

Commend me to the ploughman.

